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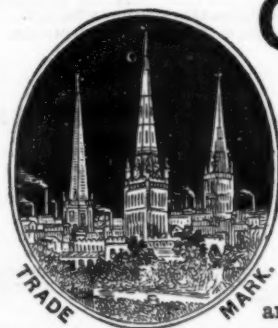
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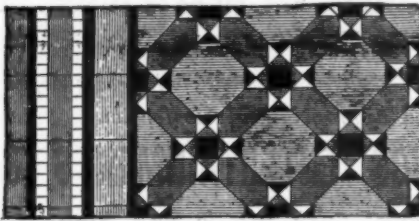
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ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

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STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VIII. AUS LINDENHEIM.

It was quite true that Walter Gordon found himself incapable of doing what he thought justice to the prima donna. It must have been owing to the painter's want of skill; but that was not for him to believe. And his failure, whatever the cause, made him think about her doubly. He did not think less of herself, but more of her. And so the drive over to Deepweald with Lord Quorne was not particularly lively. The earl was thinking about cucumbers; his companion about what is apt to prove another and yet more rapidly-growing gourd, such as is planted in heads or hearts, and needs no microscope for watching. Walter Gordon had arrived at the stage of thinking Mademoiselle Clari the most interesting woman in the world, demanding sympathetic study, rather than light criticism from an outside point of view like other men and women. They had already, he felt, set up a tacit understanding of friendship, and it was clear that yesterday in the studio she had been within an ace of giving him confidences, of the kind that mostly have to be wrung from women. Of what nature could they be? It was clear she had a story—a woman's story; that the surface Clari, all moods and whims, was very far indeed from being the true Clari, whom he had almost surprised without her domino. He felt he had almost seen through the last and inmost veil of a woman's real heart; and that is a strangely

exciting thing for a man when it happens to him for the first time. But thus far it had only been almost—the hieroglyphics had been brought into view, but lacked interpretation. That the true Clari might not prove particularly amiable was nothing; one does not ask if intense women are lovable—one loves them, or, if one does not reach that point, accepts them for what they are, and prefers them for being what nature made them.

During the drive he amused himself with piecing together the fragmentary suggestions she had allowed to melt or break from her yesterday. They were not much. She was more intensely a woman than an artist. Indeed, her art appeared to be at least no part of her, if it were not foreign to her altogether. That was strange; for though Walter Gordon had known many impostors, men and women, who followed art by way of trade, these invariably gave the world to understand that they condescended to eat bread and cheese for art's sake, and did not follow art for the sake of bread and cheese; Clari, with all the right in the world to take the highest ground, had taken the very lowest, and professed not merely cynical indifference but absolute scorn for the art that had made her Clari. Her devotion to it she seemed to regard as an evil fate that pursued her. And yet, with all her unquestionable earnestness, he could not altogether accept her sincerity. From what he had seen and guessed about her from first impressions at The Five Adzes, and from what he knew of her now, he could not conceive of her as existing without all the circumstances of triumph, of which she professed to be so contemptuously weary. It was as if she had two

natures—one just as real as the other—opposed, discordant, and yet making a fascinating kind of harmony, to which he as yet had not the key.

In short, Walter Gordon was amusing himself only too well with his speculations about a woman, with whom he had to admit he was in the most ignorant sympathy. Of course, such speculations run into castle-building—very airy castles that one enters like a visitor on a tour, rambles about a little, and comes out from, at will and pleasure. Suppose, for instance, that he should end in setting up a grand passion for the *prima donna*? It would undoubtedly be a distinction in itself, and give life a great deal of new interest. Of course, it would be a case of “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther”—he was not going to make himself unhappy about any woman in the world. It is so easy to regulate grand passions—in theory. There was every inducement to give charm to the enterprise. There was nothing of the commonplace about her, not even in the way she moved her fan. And—by no means her least charm, though it lay in the background—there was no more chance of such a romance ending in a question of marriage, than in any other impossibility. It would simply mean a pleasant flower-garden in the middle of life, where he might plant exotic emotions, enjoy their fragrance, and train them as he pleased.

It did not occur to him that playing at love, however sentimentally, with a woman who can hate, is rather a fiery kind of game. Women like Clari, who see things not as they are, but as they seem, take strange fancies into their heads sometimes, and stranger things have happened than that a woman with a soul of fire in her should choose for its victim a most unheroic idol. And, if love there was to be, she would not understand loving a little—indeed, a man who instinctively dreads passion, as nine men out of ten dread it, should for consistency's sake have fled, and burnt behind him all his castles in the air. After what he had seen yesterday, the idea of a pleasant flirtation with Clari should have been too outrageously absurd—and a good deal more than absurd.

Walter Gordon parted from the earl at Deepweald. Lord Quorne had his own business to attend to, and Walter's first obligation was to see the cathedral—not that he cared much about seeing a cathedral, but all places have their rights, and visitors their duties. He strolled into the

Close, stood under the elms and looked up at the tower, and put off the evil minute of making acquaintance with the verger. It was still obstinately fine weather after the storm—now more than a week ago. After all, why should he trouble himself with orthodox lionising? It was pleasant to lounge about with a cigar, and to build castles in the sun. Of course he would have to do the sight-seeing before he went back to Hinchford, but five minutes would be enough for that, and there was plenty of time.

The Close was as empty as usual. Even the rooks were away foraging, and the houses round had always an air of living altogether to and for themselves. He lounged up and down for nearly half an hour, in idle luxury, enjoying the feeling of being altogether out of the common world and in company with the most filimly delicate of day-dreams. He was on the path under the elms, when he suddenly heard a light step before him. He instinctively moved aside to let a lady pass, and then looking, saw a pair of eyes. Clari's? No; but their twins.

“Miss March! Fräulein Celia!”

“Herr Walter!”

No, they were not Clari's eyes after all. Size and colour do not make eyes. He had seen every expression in Clari's eyes save one, and that one he saw now.

Of nobody in the world had he less been thinking, as he walked up and down in front of the cathedral. Some dim recollection, or rather impression, he must have had that Celia and Deepweald were connected; but then Lindenheim was so very long ago. How can a man be expected to bear all his friends in mind for ever? He had known people half over Europe, well and intimately, whose very names had gone out of his mind. He had flirted with every girl in Lindenheim—why should he think of one more than another at odd moments of leisure?

And yet, here under the elms in Deepweald, and in the English sun, came back, in a very breath of spring, that half-forgotten walk to Waaren with the shy English girl who now stood before him, and whom years had not changed beyond recognition. There were no incidents of any other friendship that he would have remembered so well. Of course she was changed—very much changed. Despite the eyes, he had doubted when he said “Miss March;” but she was not at all

changed as his recognition led him back into the old Lindenheim form of "Fräulein Celia." She had grown, to begin with—not in inches, perhaps, but in look and bearing. She was dressed very plainly, even for a country town, in dark materials; but they became her well. Her figure had filled out, and her face had rounded. It was still without roses, but the old sallowness and meagreness had turned to a delicate contour and a pure paleness, with more youth in it than at eighteen. Her lips were as sweet in their curve as ever, and now they smiled—and so did her eyes. The features did not look so prominent now that the cheeks were less hollow, and the old decision of chin and brow, though still there, was toned down and softened. It was a very charming face, thought Herr Walter, and had fulfilled infinitely more than it promised at Lindenheim—where, indeed, it had promised nothing at all. And he could not misread the frankly happy look that shone into it as she answered, "Herr Walter!"

"Fräulein Celia! Aus Lindenheim! Is it really you?"

"You are really Herr Walter!"

"Am I? But—we were right—do you remember—when we used to call ourselves so old at Lindenheim? You must have been growing younger every year. But only to think of meeting you here!"

"Why not? I was born in Deepweald—at least I have lived here always. But it is strange to meet you."

"Why? I have always lived everywhere. But I am glad fortune has led me to Deepweald. Why, it is like old times. Of course—yes—I remember the first day we met. You told me you lived at Deepweald. Your father is organist here. Do you remember that walk to Waaren?"

Did she remember! Was it not the date whence her history of the world began?

"How it all comes back to me—meeting you! It was your first day. We set out with Lotte, and then she dropped off and I saw you safe through the Rosenthal. We talked about Schumann and Palestrina. I used to schwärm for Schumann in those days, and flirt with Irma. You remember her? I can, when I try—very hard. Then you scolded me for making that genius-fellow—what's his name?—blow the bellows in church. It was quite right of you, Fräulein Celia. And you

wouldn't dance; and we walked back by the light of the moon. Ah, I remember it all as if it had been yesterday; and it must be half-a-dozen years ago. Well, a great deal has happened since then. But how is it you are at Deepweald still? Of course I remember you came from Deepweald; but you were to be the prize star of Lindenheim."

"Oh, I'm one of the failures, I suppose," she said simply, but a little hastily.

"What have you been doing since—since then?"

"It's strange how everybody at Lindenheim has turned out just opposite to what they were to be—at least most of them. You were great friends with Lotte; do you ever hear of her now? I left you at Lindenheim, you know, and have dropped out of the profession; so I'm behind the age."

"I haven't heard of Lotte since she married."

"Lotte married! Poor fellow! Unless he doesn't care to hear his own talking. How odd it always sounds to hear of a Lindenheimer marrying. Who is he?"

"She married Herr Caspar, two years after I came home."

"No! What, the genius whom you scolded me about by moonlight? Lotte and Herr Caspar! Surely it is too absurd. Why she hated the very sight of him. But perhaps she married him in order to make him have his hair cut. No—I don't pity him; I pity her."

"They are doing well, I believe. When Lotte wrote last they were in New York, and he was composing an opera bouffe, for a theatre."

"Great Heaven! He, who was to be a second Mendelssohn, who never heard of a joke! And Lotte?"

"She does nothing now."

"Mends the stockings, I suppose. And Lucas has turned stockbroker, and I painter, and Irma—well, the less said of her the better—and you are at Deepweald. Which way are you going now? I've got nothing to do here, and I'd rather have a chat with you about old times than see the cathedral."

He was really thinking about the old times; and so, as often happens, took no notice of what had made him think of them. It may safely be said that for years past that walk to Waaren, and the protecting friendship for Celia that had come of it and had endured so long as he

remained at Lindenheim, had been nothing more to him than the merest phantom of a memory, giving perfume to a thousand others indeed, but otherwise lost among them. A man who has given a bunch of violets to every girl at Lindenheim, each after each, does not treasure the recollection of one gift rather than another. Celia had not stopped walking as he spoke, and had been walking beside him with some air of the old shyness, just a little demure and mouselike in place of the old frank timidity, to remind him that she was not quite the same Celia; and now that he looked at her again he saw that she looked gravely happy.

"I am going to Mrs. Gaveston's."

"Mrs. Gaveston? No relation to my friend the curate of St. Anselm's at Winbury?"

"She is Mr. Gaveston's wife."

"Indeed? And how far is Winbury? I hope it is a long way."

"Only the end of that street. Winbury is part of Deepweald."

"Well, there are more ways of getting to a place than the straight one. Are there no other ways of reaching Mrs. Gaveston than down that street and no other? Just think, Fräulein Celia—I haven't seen you for six years."

"I'm afraid I must go that way and no other. I shall be late else."

"Oh, call on her some other day."

"I have a lesson to give her."

"You give lessons—here?"

"Yes. That is my life. I was never ambitious, you know."

He glanced at her again. What made him look at her now was a composed way she had acquired of speaking that was altogether new. He began rather to miss the old shyness. He regretted rather that he had let the thread of her life go so completely out of his fingers that he could not quite identify her with the Celia whom he was now recalling more and more. He would have liked her to remain the same. Nobody likes to go home after a long absence to find a change, if it be but no more than a new barn. He wanted to ask if her father was still the organist, but her dark clothes made him refrain. And, though he might jest over the fortunes of their fellow-students in general, he did not like to find in a country music mistress, without ambition, her who, when he left Lindenheim, was to be the very star of them all.

"Well, I'll walk with you as far as the

Gavestons', and then we'll meet again before I leave this part of the world."

He hoped she would have told him where he might call on her; and she was silent for a minute, as if making up her mind. But no invitation came.

"I hope so," she said. "But here is the Gavestons'. Good-bye!"

He would not have thought her eager to get rid of him, if he had known Deepweald. He was just now full of Lindenheim, and, for the moment, was Herr Walter walking down the Gansgasse with Fräulein Celia—not Mr. Gordon walking with Miss March in West-street, Winbury, Deepweald. And for a young lady to be walking at that hour, in full sunlight, with a strange young man, was a breach of etiquette that the most innocent were bound to know, and the most reckless to recognise.

But the time still hung on his hands—it was still a good two hours before he was to meet Lord Quorne. And he was getting hungry too, and wondered whether the curate lunched or dined at one. Finally, after another lounge, during which Lindenheim shared his thoughts—if such they could be called—with Clari, he found himself back in West-street, and rang at Gaveston's bell. There was surely no reason why he should not call on his old college friend, and every reason why he should learn something about Celia, who interested him more than the cathedral after all.

Mr. Gaveston was not at home, but Mrs. Gaveston was. All the better. Walter Gordon was not troubled with shyness of a curate's wife, and sent in his card. He had allowed ample time for a singing-lesson to be over, and was received in the parlour by a fresh-looking young lady, not of the pattern precisely of which he would have expected to find Mrs. Reginald Gaveston, provincial in bearing, but pleasant enough to look upon.

"I'm sorry I've found your husband out. He's an old college friend of mine—perhaps you've heard of his meeting me the other day? I'm staying at Hinchford."

This he said, not by way of boast, but of the introduction that instinct told him would pass best with Mrs. Gaveston.

"Oh dear! And so am I—so sorry. Mr. Gaveston will be, I mean. Of course, I'm glad to see any of his friends, or of Lord Quorne's—his cousin, you know."

"I knew him at Oxford, and I meant to

call and be introduced to Mrs. Gaveston before leaving. He won't mind my introducing myself, I daresay."

"Oh no—and now you're here, you'll take a glass of wine. I hope Lady Quorne is well?"

"Quite—thank you."

"Is this your first visit to Deepweald, Mr. Gordon? Of course you've seen the cathedral? I wish Mr. Gaveston had been at home—he'd have shown it to you better than the vergers, and our own church, St. Anselm's."

"No—I've not been to the cathedral yet. I should like to go when there's a performance—service, I mean. By-the-way, who is the organist here?"

"The organist? Mr. March. I suppose you are musical? Mr. March is a very wonderful musician, I believe. His daughter studied on the Continent, and I take lessons of her, poor girl. I used to learn of Mr. March himself before I was married. But of course that's all over now, and it's a charity, as well as an advantage, to do all one can for poor Celia March, I'm sure."

Walter was getting to the point sooner than he expected, and without any bush-beating that might have been necessary to give his visit the air of an unadulterated compliment to the wife of his friend. But what could have happened to the ex-star of Lindenheim, that she should be called "poor" by the wife of a Reginald Gaveston?

"Are they badly off, then?" he asked, as if out of polite but disinterested curiosity.

"Don't you know?"

"I'm a stranger to Deepweald, you must remember."

"Ah, of course. Poor Celia does all she can—I must say that for her—and though she isn't very bright, she has been on the Continent, which of course is something. But Mr. March always was such a strange creature. They say he used to beat her, but that I never quite believed, or they wouldn't have thought so much of him at the Palace. But that's all over now. There'll have to be a new organist before long, and John March never saved a penny, that I can swear to. You never saw, Mr. Gordon, such gowns as Celia used to wear."

"You mean her father spent all his money on her clothes?"

"If he had—but there's no good raking up bygones. Yes, there'll have to be a

new organist before long; and I'm sorry, for what they'll do I don't know."

"Why? Are they so poor? Do you mean the father is out of his mind?"

"I'm afraid he was always a little that way. But I don't know that would make much difference."

"Misconduct?"

"Oh no. I'm sure I never said that. He's Deaf—that's the matter. And enough too."

INVENTION IN FRANCE.

INGENUITY in invention is usually set down as a national attribute of the Americans, especially exemplified in the production of such articles as cypress-tree hams and wooden nutmegs. But, to judge from a list of recent French patents just published in the columns of the Commissioners of Patents' official journal, our neighbours across the Channel may fairly claim to be their rivals in this respect. During four months of last year—namely, from the beginning of July down to the end of October, at which point the official list stops—there were issued one thousand and ninety-four patents and two hundred and sixty-four certificates of addition.

Toys hold a position on this list hardly to be conceived in this country. The statement of patents granted during the four months in question includes those for a toy called popgun sabre; a toy called descenseur; a toy called reed-pipe whistle; a toy called corazophone; a toy called magical spy-glass; a mechanical toy called rifle shuttlecock; a Roumanian toy; a novel toy; an artistic toy; and a toy whistle. Under this head, too, may be counted a window-demolisher, patented under the title of a ball-bow or micro-catapult, together with improvements in tops with varying colours, metal heads for dolls, and a so-called cricket-match apparatus, which is to immortalise the name of one M. Rossignol. For the benefit of those interested in Oriental affairs, M. Aureliani has patented a game called the eastern question; and we have also a sleight-of-hand game, encyclopædic card games, and a musical game at dice, due to the brain of M. Tourseiller; whilst M. Bloch has sought to combine business and pleasure in the form of playing-cards with advertisements.

Gastronomy is so truly a French science

that one might have expected it to be somewhat better represented than it is. Yet there is one most singular patent—namely, that obtained by M. Valdenaire for preserving, improving, and converting the Lorraine cheese called *Géromé*, together with others for improvements in preparing, refrigerating, and preserving fresh meat; preparing preserved food for cooking; and preparing nitrogenised food for animals. Patents have also been taken out for a machine for shelling vegetables and grain in soft shells; a machine for coiling vermicelli for drying; and a candle and steam apparatus for boiling eggs. It is startling to note the still growing importance of a beverage once supposed to be utterly unsuited to Gallic tastes—namely, beer. We find patents granted for manufacturing malt, a mode of employing hops in making beer, a process for rendering beer sparkling, a beer-cooler, ice-funnels for beer, and, finally, for utilising the residue of breweries. Wine is far from being as well represented. Yet the alarm aroused last year by the alleged extensive adulteration and colouring of wine in France has not been without effect upon the inventive genius of the nation. Whilst M. Belus has earned the gratitude of red-wine drinkers by his invention of a fuchsine detector, and MM. Lipman and Winkler by a wine test, MM. Lainville and Roy, yet more ingenious, have patented chemical cigarette-paper for detecting artificial colours in wines, so that the post-prandial whiff may be made an unsuspected medium for testing the purity of the host's claret. But what is to be said of M. Simil, who claims to have discovered an apparatus for warranting the quality of wine? Are drinkers bound to submit to its dicta, and to accept on its authority as Chambertin or Margaux a fluid "whose father grape," their palates assure them, must have ripened on the plain of Argenteuil? Fancy, in this case, the introduction of such an apparatus at public dinners!

In connection with smoking we have patents for using the leaves of eucalyptus plants as tobacco; improvements in pipes and cigar-mouthpieces; a cigar-cutter; a cigar-case; a case for cigarette-papers; a cigarette-mould; and also for a cigarette-case with a driver, whatever that may be. Closely connected with these are such inventions as a steel and tinder box called *coquet*; a silex or agate apparatus for lights for smokers; a pivot pocket light-case; a

pocket light-apparatus with radial percussion; primed pocket lights; pocket lights and candles; a match lamp with its priming; economical matches with phosphorus at both ends; match-cases fixed to the handles of umbrellas, sticks, &c.; and doubtless very useful to anyone coming home in the dark, and many more.

There are, of course, many patents relating to the production and manufacture of textile fabrics, including one for the treatment of the bark of mulberry-trees, and converting the filaments contained therein into silk, thereby dispensing with the intermediary of that troublesome and delicate creature the silkworm altogether. Novelties in wearing apparel, however, are, strange to say, not very extensively represented; though under this head we have patents granted for artificial shell almonds for ladies' bonnets and costumes; a brooch for head-dresses; prints imitating looped or cut velvet; tricot and crochet stays with figures laid on; a sanitary dress; a substitute for garters; to say nothing of such trifling accessories as pin-buttons; novel-pins; muff pockets; ladies' pages; fastenings for collars, &c. A lady, too, adorned with false brilliants, may survey herself in one of M. Stitch's flexible mirrors, and, fanning herself with one of M. Gasnier's ocular fans, gaze at a complexion improved by a product called mineralised glycerine for the toilet-table; whilst M. Larne's heated apparatus for undulating and curling ladies' hair is passed through tresses which may owe their luxuriance to the use of a sanitary liquid for making hair grow again. So, for the special use of gentlemen, inventive minds have devised, in the short space of four months, elastic backs of waistcoats; sanitary braces; slide shirts; shirts with uncrumpling fronts; duplex shirt-fronts with caoutchouc tabs; combined shirt-fronts and waistcoats; a vademecum, or shirt-front with a movable collar; an improved self-locking shirt-stud, applicable also for other fastening purposes; at least half-a-dozen fastenings for cravat collars; and a swimming or life-vest. But in the matter of boots and shoes amazement may fairly be allowed. No less than twenty-four patents relating to these were granted, including those for foot-coverings with combined soles and uppers; so-called *ariferous* foot-coverings; so-called comfortable foot-coverings; cold-proof foot-coverings; foot-coverings with soles with double end-pieces; so-called Parisian slippers; im-

pervious leather galoshes; movable heels applicable to all foot-coverings; and manufacturing sandals with machine-sewn soles.

We have already seen music brought strangely into connection with toys, but we have also patents for manufacturing musical toy-watches; improvements in mechanical musical instruments; a musical instrument called serophon; a vibrating musical instrument called harmonichord; whistle castanets; a substitute for castanets; and an angelical piano. We may presume that a transporting accordion owes its title to its effect, or, at any rate, its aim, being to carry away its hearers. But we can only marvel in bewilderment at the purpose to be served by a mysterious and adjustable pedal-mute for pianos; and at the ingenuity which has devised not only an apparatus for piano practice, but an apparatus for facilitating singing lessons.

Scientific and mechanical invention in all its branches is well represented, though amongst the patents to be counted under this heading are two examples of a well-known old craze in the shape of a machine for obtaining perpetual motive power, invented by M. Dupont, and an apparatus for raising head-water and obtaining perpetual motion with unlimited motive power, due to M. Dupuy. With these, too, may in all probability be classed M. Runkel's plan for steering balloons; M. Ollivier's improvements in the construction of balloons and in steering them; M. Foucault's machine for raising water by means of ammonia; and M. Snyder's plan of obtaining motive power by means of three known scientific principles. Other patented novelties in motive power are: an apparatus for propelling boats or vessels by the direct action of the superheated steam on the ambient water; a hyperdynamic apparatus for increasing motive power at pleasure; an hydro-atmospheric motor for superseding steam; means of communication upwards by river and downwards by land; a carriage propelled without using horses or steam; a mechanical carriage called baromotor; and a boat called gyroscaph. Mr. Bessemer finds a rival in M. Olivier, who has a patent for compensating the oscillation of vessels, just as Mr. Babbage finds one in M. Fontaine, who has invented a mechanical multiplication table. But, whilst gratitude is due to M. Dulaurier, who claims to have succeeded in averting many of the existing dangers of street traffic, by

inventing a tram-car accident preventer, it is to be feared that the numerous murderous assaults recently committed upon slumbering passengers on French railways will deter nervous individuals from availing themselves of a so-called somniferous apparatus for railway and other travellers, patented by MM. Rigolet and Gilbert.

Some exceedingly important discoveries in telegraphy have been made during the past year in England and America, but French progress in electric science seems hardly to have been so satisfactorily directed. We have, it is true, M. Le Roy d'Halancourt's invention of applying the insulating properties of glass and glazed porcelain for electricity to the preservation of human life, and also a continuous apparatus for manufacturing, filtering, purifying, and electrifying artificial mineral waters, an electric counter and indicator for carriages, and plans for fermentation by electricity and tanning hides by electricity. M. Lourme, too, has obtained a patent for an electric alarm for oyster-beds, doubtless to the great discomfort of the placid molluscs inhabiting them; and M. Faucher one for an electric bit for checking fiery horses, in all probability equally disagreeable to the noble animal.

We find numerous improvements in machinery and processes of manufacture of every kind, spinning, weaving, dying, smelting, sugar refining, engraving, photography, gas, steam, and other engines, railway signals and breaks, agricultural implements, stoves, presses, fire-escapes, &c. Patents relating to agriculture are very numerous, and include those for a universal manuring and sowing machine, manufacturing and applying lime to plants and vines for protecting them from hoar-frost, a product for destroying rodents, and cutting vines. And though remedies for that terrible scourge the phylloxera, of which there are several—such as an insecticide and insect preventer for agricultural purposes, and chiefly for destroying the phylloxera, tar for destroying the phylloxera, a sulphide of carbon injector for the treatment of phylloxerated vines, and a machine for distributing insecticide liquids in the soil for destroying the phylloxera—are intelligible enough, it is hard to guess the advantages of poisoning manures with powdered pyrites and their sub-products, for which M. Charmel has obtained a patent.

The titles of several inventions are startlingly unintelligible; unless, indeed, the official translations at the Patent Office are at fault. Such, for instance, are an infinite pump; so-called rational chimneys; improvements in fleshing machines; an anchor safety padlock; a radiometer relay; instantaneous provisional shores; a waker, presumably an alarm and not an attendant at an Irish funeral; a pocket counter, which might be handy for a peripatetic tradesman; and a life-purse, whatever in the name of Fortunatus that may be. It is also puzzling to imagine, why four persons should have united to take out a patent for manufacturing paper and pasteboard of pot-herbs. Equally ingenious, if more intelligible, are improvements in apparatus for producing stage effects; an automatic indicator of the time of arrival of carrier-pigeons; an apparatus for compressing air by tidal action; an anti-frost street-fountain; and an inkstand with an oscillating clasp and moving feet. The use of this last must be a sore trial to a nervous writer, even if furnished with a so-called miraculous pen; but it finds its antitype in a steady glue-pot, just as a universal crusher is supplemented by a universal triturator. A tolerably comprehensive patent must be that of M. Bougarel, for sanitary improvements for towns.

Invention in France extends even beyond the tomb. Sorrowing mourners have cause to thank M. Tiran for funeral medallions painted on unalterable glass; and M. Gellits for a machine for the manufacture of straw frames for garlands of immortelles, whereby the production of those indispensable adjuncts to a French interment will doubtless be cheapened. But what are we to say respecting M. Urban, who has secured a patent for preserving corpses by petrification, or converting them into a ceramic stone called androlithe? The ancient Romans adorned their dwellings with waxen busts of their ancestors, and now, by M. Urban's plan, the family portrait-gallery may be replaced by a file of deceased relatives, each in his habit as he lived. Moreover, in the case of great men, an historical pantheon—on the principle of Madame Tussaud's—might be established in the capital; or, if preferred, each, after being carefully treated by the process, might be despatched to his native town for erection in the Grande Place, to gratify the mania for perpetrating statues to local celebrities with which the French people are so powerfully imbued.

RETIRED TRADESMEN.

THERE are hundreds, probably thousands, of persons who, as business men, only make one serious mistake in their lives, and that is when they voluntarily retire from the battle-field, satisfied with the spoil that good luck and diligence had enabled them to gather thereon. It may at first sight appear odd, but it is undoubtedly true, that in the shopkeeping and tradesmen spheres of existence there are as many men who arrive at ultimate discontent and wretchedness, after a long career of uninterrupted success, as of that more numerous class, the members of which, struggling for years and years against repeated failure, quietly retire, crippled incurably. Nay, it may perhaps be claimed for the latter, in many cases at least, that their condition is preferable, inasmuch as they have still left them the privilege of unlimited roving in the domains of fancy, where they may speculate on "what might have been," and how happy and comfortable the evening of life would have passed with them, had it not been for those incorrigible obstructives the "ifs" and "buts," that insist on having a meddling finger in commercial as in all other worldly affairs.

Nothing is more natural than that the worthy trader, having attained the main object of his industry and striving—i.e., the accumulation of money enough for all future requirements—should resolve, at last, to put in practice the precious project long prudently deferred, and "retire." To do this is the ambition of most men, and especially of those who acquire wealth by "sticking to the counter." They are cheered by the hope of being able one day—no matter though it be somewhat remote from the present—to quit business with all its attendant cares and worries; to shut up shop for good and all; to wash the hands of till contamination, and forthwith enter the gates of a paradise where Sunday clothes are the common wear, and the pleasantest fruit the world affords may be had for the mere trouble of plucking! It must be delightful indeed to be enabled to say: "Henceforth I will enjoy perfect liberty to go where I like and do as I please." He does not overrate the blissful privilege. He, the tradesman in business, has already had some experience in the matter. He knows what Sunday leisure means, and of late years he has not been so tightly tied to

the wheel but that every summer he has taken, with his wife, a ten days' or a fortnight's holiday in the country. He has, albeit for a brief period only, tasted of the happiness of waking in the morning, neither knowing nor caring what day of the week it might happen to be. He has lounged dreamily through long hot afternoons in the lap of sheer laziness; on the sandy beach, in a boat, or beneath the shade of a spreading tree, on a clover bank softer and sweeter than any bed of down. At such moments he has remarked to the faithful partner of his shop and parlour, who invariably accompanies him in these rare outings: "This is something to look forward to, old lady! We now are only just nibbling, as it were, at the crust of the pie to which one of these days we shall sit down, and eat as much as we like, with no one to hinder us or say us 'Nay.' Since it's so nice to have a time like this once a year, what must it be to have it at one's command always?"

This, of course, is where the fatal mistake, the error irrecoverable, is made. No doubt there are many men engaged in trade, who in the decline of their thriving years are competent to settle down serenely to hard-earned ease and contented idleness; but these are the exceptions. The ordinary tradesman is successful, simply, because his whole heart and soul are in the business to which he is devoted. He may himself not be altogether aware of it, and he may so far conform to the opinion of the ignorant as to speak of his daily avocation as drudgery; but really it is with him a labour of love, and none the less so because his dealings occasionally bear bitter as well as sweet fruit. Were it not for the former, which act as a wholesome medicine, he would probably die young of a surfeit of satisfaction. His trade engagements afford no leisure for wearisome reflection, and were he disposed thereto, the hours, the very minutes, of his everyday are crowded with pleasant business—pleasant to him at least. His grog and pipe, and the congenial company he meets of nights in the best parlour of *The Pig and Ploughshare*, solace his evenings. He retires to bed, and sleeps the sleep of the man who is not afraid to face to-morrow, and he wakes with all the lively wide-awakeness that brought the business transactions of yesterday to a close.

It is this favoured child of fortune who by-and-by "retires." Perhaps, were he at liberty to consult his own inclinations,

like a sensible man, he would just go on putting up the shutters at night and taking them down in the morning, until a coffin-lid shut on him and he was carried to the grave, having enjoyed life to the last. But it generally happens that others have a voice in the matter. His wife, who knows to a pound how the banking account stands; his sons and daughters, who have been genteelly educated; his neighbours, who joke him on his eccentric persistence in remaining in business, when he has but to say the word, and, swift as the changing of a scene in a play, the crowded noisy street becomes the leafy country lane, the shop or warehouse the elegant little suburban villa, with the pony carriage, the pretty garden, and every luxury and comfort of private life. He may shake his head with some vague idea that the transformation may not exactly suit him, but when he is asked "Why not?" what can he reply? His means are ample; it is quite time that he was, even if he is not, tired of business. It is a duty he owes to his wife, who has worked as hard as he has. Judging from those holiday-time tastes of semi-rural life already hinted at, he can have no doubt he will enjoy himself to the utmost, when he is able to give his mind freely to it. His faint scruples are at length overcome, and the step is taken.

It would have been better had the bank in which his money is deposited failed, and paid him five shillings in the pound, for in such a case "retiring from business" would have been out of the question. The experiment may answer very well for three, for six months, for a year, in exceptional cases, but at the expiration of that time the tinsel of novelty wears off, and the victim awakes to the distressing fact that he cannot be off with the old love or be on with the new. Between himself and trade, there is a Siamese bond of brotherhood, to sever which is death, not instantaneous perhaps, but by the slow process of pining. A story is related of a worthy tradesman in the butchering line of business, who, having amassed a considerable fortune by means of a snug family trade in *Shoreditch*, disposed of his shop, and retired with his family to a villa residence at *Clapham*. But somehow the luxury of idleness did not agree with him, neither did the brisk air of *Clapham-common* agree with his health as did the more substantial atmosphere of the back end of *Bishopsgate*. He grew so dull and mopish that his friends were

alarmed, and a temporary migration to Margate was resolved on. It was at the height of the season, and the select watering-place in question was crowded with a mixed company of visitors, including butchers, both retired and still on active service, and for a time Mr. Shortribs quite recovered his spirits. But on returning to Clapham, his spirits sank again so rapidly, that it seemed not improbable that he would terminate his career in melancholy madness. At last, one day, he amazed his wife by announcing his determination to return to Margate for a few weeks alone. He felt sure, he said, that although it was now the depth of winter, the sea-breezes would revive him; and he moreover promised to return to Clapham at the end of each week, and pass Sunday with his family. He went, and lo! the very first week saw a change in him that was almost miraculous. His eye was brighter, his flesh firmer; there were even indications of a return of that roseate hue to which his cheeks had long been strangers. Another week, and he returned fresher than ever. Still another, and he was the Shortribs of old, with a jovial laugh, a ready joke, and an appetite he seemed to have lost irrecoverably when he quitted Shoreditch. Still, he expressed no desire to settle down once more at Clapham. He pleaded for another week, and yet one more, until his wife, with a fond woman's foolish misgivings, began to suspect that possibly there might be something more in it than appeared on the surface. The next time that her husband, gay and cheerful, set out with his bag on Monday morning, she—well, there is no use in mincing the matter—she caused him to be watched. And with a most astonishing result. It was all a subterfuge as to Shortribs going to Margate. He had never, during the whole period since his health and spirits began to improve so astonishingly, been farther than Camdentown. There, at the shop of a trustworthy brother-butcher, sworn to secrecy, he had passed the pleasant time, busy with knife and steel from Monday morning until Saturday night.

A retired publican may perhaps endure an idle existence better than any other tradesman, for the reason that he may, if it pleases him, spend his leisure in the fond contemplation of the scene of his former joys and triumphs; but it cannot be so with the draper, the cheesemonger, the baker, the tea-dealer; a man cannot

be constantly purchasing loaves of bread, or pounds of cheese, for the fleeting pleasure of listening to the chink of shop scales, and of inhaling for a few seconds the familiar aroma of the "stock" which is so grateful to his nostrils. And the worst of it is, that having once fairly "retired" from his accustomed avocation, even though he be ever so much inclined thereto, he must not return to it; it being a fact known to all tradesmen, that there was never yet a man who voluntarily abandoned the shop and took to it again, who did not speedily come to grief. Why it should be so is not easy to explain. It may be a way Fortune has of avenging herself on those who slight her favours, or who wantonly seek divorce from her. There is no help for the unfortunate victim. A miserable man, he is doomed to fret away the remainder of his allotted time on earth, with his spirits crushed, and his heart heavy with the old unconquerable yearning.

STORIES FROM A BANK COUNTER.

TWO ECCENTRIC DEPOSITORS.

DURING my twenty years' experience as cashier of a large London bank, I have come across many strange events, and stranger people, upon whose histories it is interesting to look back.

I propose on this occasion to relate to the reader two little episodes of my experience, showing the curious kinds of people who sometimes come forward to deposit their money, in response to the bank's advertisement.

One day, some years ago, a rough-looking man, of singular appearance, came slouching into the bank, and walking up to my desk, took off his hat respectfully, and held it in his hand. Now it is a strange fact, that it is not usual in London for anyone to take off his hat on entering a bank, although I believe it is done in some country banks; so I looked at the man with some suspicion, expecting to hear a pitiful story, with a pathetic appeal for assistance. He was dressed in ill-fitting black clothes; a black silk handkerchief was wound around his neck in many folds, no shirt-collar being visible. His hands looked rough and horny, like those of a labouring man. No trace of whisker appeared on his well-shaven face, and a certain good-natured expression which it wore was marred by a villainous

squint. He was apparently about sixty; his hair was quite gray, and was arranged upon each of his temples in those strong circular curls, which are vulgarly known as "Newgate knockers." Altogether, he had a most unprepossessing appearance, something like what you would expect to see in a retired burglar. He stood hat in hand before my desk, respectfully waiting until I should be disengaged. He then said apologetically:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but could I speak to you for a few minutes?"

I replied, of course, that I was at his service, whereupon he seemed to become confused, shifted uneasily from foot to foot, and twirled his hat nervously. He had evidently something to say, but did not know how to begin.

"You see, sir," he said at last, "I've just come back to England from Australia. I've got a little bit of money as I don't know what to do with, not being a scoldard; so I thought I'd come in and ask your advice, sir, and whether you'd take care of it for me."

I made no reply, but waited. The first appearance of the man had aroused my suspicions, and these were increased when he produced from some mysterious pocket a very dirty leather bag, tied with string. He opened it, and handed over to me a packet, consisting of bank-notes and new Australian sovereigns, amounting to two thousand pounds. He then produced out of an old pocket-book a document, which proved to be a draft upon the London branch of one of the largest Australian banks for five thousand pounds.

In reply to my question, he told me that his name was Ebenezer Knott—he showed a noble indifference to the spelling—and verified his assertion by showing me an envelope addressed to him in that name. He informed me that he had been in Australia for more than twenty years, having gone out there at the period of the great gold fever to seek his fortune. He had formerly been a "coster" in London, he said, and thought he should be as well able to rough it in the "bush," as would many gentlemen who were going out there at the time. Anyhow he was strong, and was not afraid of work. He did not inform me in what way he had contrived to pay his passage out—he seemed disinclined to speak about it. I have my own suspicions on the subject, but I shall probably be safe in asserting that his emigration was "assisted."

His success was not great at the diggings; "a lot of hard work," he informed me, "and standing in a river all day, and only getting as much as paid your way. We didn't find no big nuggets; me and my pals was glad to get a little dust, but sometimes the 'swells' used to manage to find some good ones."

The gang was soon broken up, and Knott next started a spirit store at Scott's Rush. The store became the resort of some of the richest men of the place, who used it as a kind of exchange or club. By degrees, Knott's Store grew into Knott's Hotel, which Mrs. Knott managed with great skill and success. Ebenezer had now reached the height of his ambition, and he was happy. His wealth had increased without his care or effort, everything he bought seemed immediately to increase in value. But just at this time a great blow came, which nearly broke his heart. A malignant fever broke out at Scott's Rush, and Mrs. Knott fell a victim to it. Poor Ebenezer was disconsolate, for he was now left altogether alone in the world. He hated the place which had been the scene of so great a misery to him, although it had been also that of all his fortune. He conceived an intense yearning to return to the old country, and longed to find himself once more among the old familiar faces and streets of London. He therefore determined to realise his property, and return with it to England; "not as a gentleman, you know, sir," he added apologetically, "but in order to see my native land again, and, perhaps, be able to help some of my old pals who have not been so fortunate in life."

There was something so genuine in the tone and manner in which this narrative was told me, that I could not refuse to give it at least a partial credence. I therefore opened a deposit account in his name, and received from him seven thousand pounds. It was a difficulty that he could neither read nor write, although he informed me with a certain air of triumph, that he could make a cross "which it would lick anybody to copy." He therefore signed his mark in the signature-book with a great many intricate flourishes, back strokes and dots, which quite justified his description of it, and I proceeded to fill up and sign the deposit receipt. When I offered it to him, however, he drew back with a comical look of dignity.

"I don't want no receipt, sir," he said.

"Do you think I can't trust you? Why, sir, I think my money's as safe in this here bank as in any place on earth."

I explained to him that it was not a question of confidence, but of rule and custom, and that, without the receipt, it would be difficult for him to draw the money out. This seemed to disconcert him, and he replied:

"Well, and supposing I was to lose the blessed paper, and some cove was to bring it here and get the money out; what good would it do me? No, no, sir! I reckon as you're not likely to forget my phiz; and when I comes again, with or without papers, I know you'll do the right thing. Look here, sir," he continued, firmly, seeing that I still held the paper out to him, "if you give me that there paper I'll tear it up, as sure as my name is Ebenezer Knott."

After much argument I consented to keep the receipt in my desk for him, and he departed after making bold to offer a pinch of snuff to all the clerks in the vicinity of the counter.

About a week after this our nerves were upset by the strains of a large organ, which was being played outside the bank windows. This excited the more surprise as no organs are allowed in the City during business hours. Thomas, the old bank-porter, went out with an air of official importance and endeavoured to silence the player. The latter, however, was an Italian who either could not or would not understand, and Thomas's efforts were for some time unavailing. At length the arrival of a policeman on the scene put a sudden end, in the middle of a bar, to the music. The policeman seized the horse by the bridle, and led it off with the organ and the much-gesticulating Italian to the Mansion House. We were still laughing at the suddenness of the catastrophe, when Mr. Knott entered in a state of great agitation. He informed me that he had purchased the organ and the horse, and had engaged the services of the Italian, with the object of making a tour with them in the provinces. Previous to leaving London, however, he had resolved upon treating the bank to a serenade, in order to show us at once his gratitude and the superior nature of the instrument. He had no notion that in doing this he was breaking the regulations of the City, which must have been made, he said, since he left London; and he was deeply mortified at having been interfered with by the

police. As I happened to know one of the officials at the Mansion House, I accompanied him there, and speedily put matters right for him.

At his earnest request I called upon him at the Old Bell in Holborn, where he was staying, on my way home from the City that evening. He began by expressing the gratification which my visit had given him, and his sense of the honour I had done him. He then entered at once on the business concerning which he wished to consult me.

He informed me that, when he left this country twenty years ago, he had had many friends, and that one reason of his returning to it had been that he wished to see if he could not do some good to them or their children. He had devoted much time, and had gone to some expense, in tracking them out, and had found that nearly all of them had either died or had taken to bad courses. Many of them were in prison. Their wives had taken to drinking, and their children to worse vices still. He was soon convinced that nothing could be done for them, and that any pecuniary help which he might give them would probably be badly applied. He saw clearly that the only effective means he could take to assist them would be by taking from them the children who were young enough to be reclaimed, and giving them "a hedication as their parents 'adn't 'ad." He proposed to place five of these at small schools, and after a few years' training to apprentice them to different trades, such as carpenters, masons, bricklayers, &c. The parents of these five had consented to part with their children; but now came the difficulty. He didn't know how to set about it—what schools to select, how to provide for the payment of their fees, and those of their subsequent apprenticeship, and so on.

So he appealed to me as a "scollard" to assist him. He said he had been much disappointed on returning to England, where he found himself utterly friendless and isolated, and had made up his mind to go back to Australia after a time; there at least he knew that his money would gain for him a consideration which he saw it would not get him in London. He laid it all down to his want of "hedication."

Much moved by the simple and disinterested generosity of this rough and illiterate man, and by the strong common sense which had marked his application

of it, I willingly offered to render him all the assistance in my power, and suggested that he should appoint three trustees to carry out his wishes, adding that I should be happy to ask three charitable gentlemen of position to act in that character. The old man's eyes grew moist and gleamed with pleasure, and his face assumed an expression of kindness and goodness which quite effaced the roughness and uncomeliness which a hard life had impressed upon it. He thanked me warmly for my proposition, but said he would only assent to it upon one condition, which was that I should consent to be one of the trustees myself. It was then agreed that I should ask the manager of the bank and another gentleman I knew, both of whom were interested in the education of the poor, to act with me.

"And now, sir," he continued, drawing his chair nearer to me, speaking in a mysterious whisper, and looking cautiously round, as if he feared that there might be some listener concealed in the room, "I want you to do me another favour. When I was in Australia I invested a goodish sum in Government Stocks, which pay me very well. They gave me a lot of bonds for it," he added in an undertone, "and I'm bless'd if I know what to do with the blessed papers. I always carry them about with me, and they're a perfect torment; 'cos if anybody was to steal them from me, you know, or if I was to lose them, they wouldn't pay me the interest. So I wanted to ask you if you'd mind taking care of them for me."

I told him he could leave them at the bank, and that they would be properly taken care of for him. He then went up to his room and returned with a parcel wrapped up in a very dirty newspaper, tied with string, and proceeded to open it. What was my surprise when I found it contained New South Wales Bonds to the tune of ten thousand pounds!

"Why, Mr. Knott," I exclaimed, "you are a rich man. That makes seventeen thousand pounds!"

"Why yes, sir," he replied humbly, "I have been very lucky, and that's a fact. But besides this I've got a mortgage on some property in Australia for three thousand five hundred pounds. And the money ain't no use; I wish it was. I should like to make it useful, if I could, to some of those poor boys I see every day playing in the courts and alleys here."

"Well," I said, "it is very good of you.

And I think you are quite right in putting those bonds into a place of safety, so bring them to the bank and I will arrange it for you."

I then took my leave, with much difficulty resisting his oppressive hospitality.

The next day Knott appeared with his bundle of securities, which I placed in the strong-room of the bank. I had spoken to the manager and to the friend I had mentioned to Knott, and had had no difficulty in persuading them to act as trustees with me. I arranged for an interview between them and Knott at the offices of the bank's solicitors, where he gave instructions for the drawing up of the trust deed. We were all much surprised when Knott, after many preliminary coughs and much clearing of the throat, announced that he would at once transfer five thousand pounds to the credit of the trust. He gave instructions that the income of this sum, or of any other moneys which he might in future transfer to it, were to be applied, as far as they would go, to the education and apprenticeship of any destitute children we might select, giving the preference at first to the five whom he named.

"And mind you, sir," he said, addressing the solicitor, "I want you to put it in writing that these boys and girls are to be brought to earn their bread honestly and not to be made ladies and gentlemen of. Let the girls be sent to service, and the boys be taught useful trades. All the rest I leave to these gentlemen, who will do the right thing. And I want them to be able to send these boys and girls, when they have learned their business, to the colonies, where they can get on better than they can in this country, if so be that they're industrious and not afraid of work. That's my experience."

In a few days' time the deed was drawn up and signed, the money transferred to the new account, and the children indicated sent to industrial schools.

Shortly after this Knott took his leave, and started upon his musical tour. For about four months we heard no more of him; but one day in the late autumn he reappeared, his face and hands very much bronzed, and altogether looking in much better health. I took him into the manager's room, and he then related to us the story of his travels. He had travelled with his organ along the whole southern coast of England, from Margate to Falmouth, and had returned through Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, to Bristol, and

thence by train to London. He had enjoyed himself "splendid," he said, and would have gone farther, only that the organ wanted some repairs.

"We have lived like fighting-cocks," he said, "and I've made about eighty pounds over and above expenses. And now, sir," he continued confidentially, "you remember what I told you at the Old Bell that day? I've made up my mind to go back to Australia for a spell, and I shall come back again in a couple of years' time. But before I go, I want to add the rest of the money you have of mine in bonds to the other for the poor children."

I endeavoured to dissuade him, pointing out how inconvenient it would be for him if he should in any way lose the remainder of his fortune. He laughed cheerily and said:

"Oh, never fear for me. I shall fall on my feet all right, as I always have. Besides, I'm not so old but what I can earn my living as I always did. I've got now five hundred pounds in bank-notes, and after paying my passage I shall have enough left to live upon with what I can make."

At his earnest request I accompanied him to Liverpool and saw him safely on board his ship.

When taking leave his eyes filled with tears and his voice faltered with emotion.

"God bless you, sir," he said, pressing my hand, "and may He reward you for your charity in looking after these poor children!"

And he brushed his eyes with his horny hand, and turned away. Then pulling himself together, as with an effort, he said: "Excuse me, sir, for being such a fool, but I'm only a poor ignorant man, and no scollard," he added with a sob which fairly choked him. "I'll see you soon again, sir; you'll find I'll come back, like a bad shilling."

I could not trust myself to speak, but wrung his hand and left the ship.

When I reached the shore I looked back, and saw him standing at the ship's side, the wind blowing about his long gray hair while he waved me a last farewell.

The events I have mentioned took place many years ago, but no word has reached me of Knott since then, although I have made enquiries concerning him in all the principal cities in Australia. Perhaps he may return some day unexpectedly, as I hope he will, and be rejoiced, as I have

been, at the happy fruits of his disinterested charity. By means of it forty children have already been rescued from the influence of vice and infamy, apprenticed to trades, or sent into service according to their sex. Ten of them have been already sent out to New South Wales, and are prospering.

The eccentricity of my second eccentric depositor was of quite a different kind. This is the story:

Outside the portal of the bank, a commissionaire, named Copp, has for many years taken up his position. He is not in the service of the bank, but being a man of tried probity and trustworthiness, his right to the station is tacitly admitted. He is an old soldier, and has served with distinction in many glorious battles, as the numerous medals, which he proudly displays upon his breast, bear witness. He has been a sergeant-major, and comports himself with a suitable dignity. Upon many occasions, on busy days, he has been entrusted with missions of delicacy and responsibility, and has always fulfilled them with tact and exactitude.

One morning I was waiting at my desk for the arrival of our early customers, when I saw Copp advancing to me with his military step, and with even more than his customary dignity. He held in his hand a dirty canvas bag, which he placed on my desk.

"Well, Copp," I said, "whose account is this for?"

He stood at attention, and said after saluting:

"This bag, sir, was placed in my hands an hour ago by a man who asked me to take care of it till he came back. Thinking, perhaps, he was a customer of the bank, I took charge of it, and as he hasn't come back, I thought I had better bring it to you, sir, as it seems to contain money."

I opened the bag, and found that it contained seven hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes and gold; but there was no indication of the person to whom it belonged, either written upon a paper, as is customary, or upon the backs of the notes. Copp seeing my surprise, added:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I may as well tell you, that the party who handed me the bag was decidedly inebriated—in fact, sir, I may say drunk. He could scarcely stand, and didn't seem hardly to be able to speak."

"Very well," I replied; "you may leave

it with me, and when the man comes, bring him in here."

"Yes, sir," said Copp, who saluted and retired.

I put the bag on one side, fully expecting that the owner would soon call and claim it. At the end of the day, however, nobody had called, although Copp had kept a sharp look-out at the door. I was much surprised at this, and put by the money. The next day and the next passed by, and still no claimant appeared. I interrogated Copp as to the description of the man. He said he was a short, thick-set man, with dark hair and whiskers, but no moustache. He wore a black coat, very seedy-looking, and his face and hands and shirt were very dirty; "looked as if he'd been on the loose, sir," he added.

At the expiration of another week, I inserted advertisements in all the principal daily papers, stating that a bag containing a sum of money had been found, and inviting the owner to claim it, and specify the contents. No satisfactory answers were received to the advertisement, and the question remained, What was to be done with the money? We could not place it to any account in the bank, and we could not, of course, open an account in an unknown name. The manager was of opinion that, as the money had been left in the hands of Sergeant Copp, who was not an official of the bank, and, besides, who was standing in the street at the time, there was no evidence of it having been intended to be lodged in the bank, and that therefore it should be handed over to the commissioner.

Upon my telling Copp this, however, he stoutly refused to have anything to do with it. "It was not his," he said, "and he had only taken charge of it upon the supposition that it belonged to one of the customers of the bank." The matter was finally settled by opening a deposit account in the joint names of Copp and myself.

Two years rolled by, and nothing further was heard of the mysterious depositor, and I began to think that the amount would ultimately fall into the hands of the worthy Sergeant Copp or his family, to whom it would be a small fortune. At length, however, one morning, Sergeant Copp walked up to my desk with an expression of great pleasure upon his honest face.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he commenced; "can I speak to you for a few minutes?"

"Certainly," said I; "what is it?"

"Well, sir, do you remember that bag of money—two years ago?"

"Of course I do," I replied with interest, "who could forget it?"

"Well, sir, I think I've got a clue to the man who left it with me."

It appeared that the sergeant's son was apprenticed to an upholsterer in the City. Among the workmen in the establishment who had recently joined was a French-polisher. One day, in the course of conversation, he told his fellow-workmen the following facts concerning a foreman of the firm of Smith and Jones, where he had formerly worked. This foreman, whose name was Thompson, had been with the firm a great many years; he was entrusted by his employers from time to time with the collection of large amounts of money, and had always been found honest and upright. Upon one occasion, about two years before, a shipping order had come to the firm for a quantity of furniture from a new foreign house, of which they had some suspicions. The goods were ordered to be shipped on a certain day, and it was agreed that they were to be paid for in money before being placed on board. As the order came to seven hundred and fifty pounds, the foreman went down himself in charge of the goods, with strict injunctions from his employers either to bring them back or the money. The goods were placed on board the ship from the lighter in the docks—so much was ascertained; but the foreman who had received the money, and had given a receipt for it, was never seen again, either by the firm or by his wife and family. The lighterman, who had been present at the payment of the money, and had conveyed Thompson ashore, deposed that he had not been able to get the goods on board on the day when they were sent down, and Thompson passed the night at a sailors' coffee-house in the neighbourhood of the docks, in order to be in time to assist at their transhipment in the morning. When he arrived on board he looked very strange, and the lighterman noticed that his watch and chain were missing. Altogether, Thompson's appearance was that of a man who was still suffering from the effects of a night's debauch. On taking him ashore, the lighterman had conducted Thompson, at his urgent request, to a public-house, and had there left him. From this point impenetrable mystery hung over the matter. Had Thompson decamped with the money, or had he been the victim of some foul

play? The first hypothesis was scouted by Thompson's friends and fellow-workmen. He had shown himself for more than twenty years a man of probity; he was a sober and prudent man, whose only delight was in his home and his children. He was always preaching habits of saving and economy to the men under him, and when he disappeared, it was found that he had a considerable sum in the savings-bank, which he had never touched. It was incredible, therefore, that he could have embezzled his employers' money. The second hypothesis seemed the more reasonable one. But if he had been murdered, how had his body been disposed of? The river had been closely watched from the Tower to the sea, but no corpse answering his description had ever been found.

Young Copp had carried this story to his father; and the sergeant had with much difficulty succeeded in discovering Thompson's unfortunate wife and family, who were now reduced to great poverty. From them he learned the confirmation of the sad story, and felt sure that now at last he had found the missing clue.

The good sergeant then waited on Messrs. Smith and Jones, in whose employment Thompson had been, and ascertained two facts which confirmed him in his supposition. The seven hundred and fifty pounds had been paid by the foreign firm which had bought the goods, in exactly the same proportion of notes and gold as the sum left with the commissionaire, and the date upon which they were paid corresponded with that of the mysterious deposit. The unfortunate hiatus in the chain of evidence was that nobody knew the numbers of the bank-notes which had formed part of it.

"What do you think, sir?" concluded Copp.

I replied that I thought the solution probable, but that we should proceed very cautiously in the testing of every proof.

After turning over the matter carefully in my mind, I came to the conclusion that the only means of identifying the sum paid to Thompson with that left with Sergeant Copp, would be a comparison of the numbers of the notes in each instance. But then came a formidable difficulty. The foreign firm had been dissolved, and its members had left England. They had also already informed Messrs. Smith and Jones that they had omitted to take the numbers of the bank-

notes which had been remitted to them from the Continent.

The plan I at last hit upon was as follows:

When the seven hundred and fifty pounds were paid into the deposit account, the notes which formed a portion of the sum were sent by us to the Bank of England in the regular course of business, and were there cancelled. I ascertained at the Bank of England the name and address of the firm to whom the notes had been first issued, and then traced them through the several hands through which they had passed. Following up the clue, I discovered that some of them had been sent to a bank at Paris. I wrote to this bank, enquiring to whom they had been paid, and, to my great gratification, was informed that they had been sent to the very firm in London a few days before they had handed them over to Thompson.

Here, then, was the missing link, and I had no longer any doubt in my mind that the money paid to us was the same as that which had been lost by Messrs. Smith and Jones.

Honest Sergeant Copp was overjoyed, and wished to go at once to Mrs. Thompson and give her the good news. This, however, I would not permit, as I thought it would be better to endeavour, in the first instance, to ascertain the fate of the poor foreman. I therefore called upon Messrs. Smith and Jones, and informed them that I had obtained certain information, which led me to believe that a sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds paid into the bank was identical with that lost by them, but that the only person who could satisfactorily prove the fact was Thompson, and that he must therefore be found. They promised to do their best to aid my enquiries, and employed a detective for the purpose. In the course of a few weeks they were able to inform me that Thompson had been discovered in Paris, working under an assumed name, and that, on being informed of the discovery, he had at once come over to his family, who were overjoyed at his return.

On the following day Thompson called at the bank, and was recognised by Sergeant Copp as the very individual who had left the money with him.

The explanation given by Thompson of the transaction was, that his coffee had been drugged at the house where he slept, and his watch stolen from him. He had, however, nerved himself by a violent effort

the following morning to be at his post on the lighter, and, although half stupefied, had with some difficulty received and counted over the money; that on going ashore he had repaired to a public-house near the docks, in order to get some soda-water; that, after taking it, he had rambled through the streets on his way to the workshop.

His mind, however, was a complete blank as to everything which occurred afterwards, until he found himself lying in a narrow alley, surrounded by ill-looking people. When he came to himself he was paralysed with fear on finding, as he thought, that he had been robbed of his bag. His brain was dazed with the thought of the fearful accusations which would certainly be brought against him. Who would believe that he was guiltless of any crime, when appearances were so much against him? How could he explain away his seeming state of intoxication when he went on board the ship in the morning? And, above all, how could he explain the loss of the bag? He could remember that up to a certain time, after leaving the public-house, he still had the bag safe in the breast-pocket of his coat, for he had a distinct recollection of keeping his arm tightly pressed against it. He had a dim recollection of finding himself amid streets of tall stone houses, and of reeling against several people on the pavement; but after that his memory was altogether blotted out. All was darkness and vacancy until he awoke.

Then a feeling of blank despair took possession of his mind. How could he ever again show himself among his friends—he who had held his head so high, and had been so forward in denouncing vice and drink? He would be a laughing-stock to all the world; and, then, the stain upon his honesty! Messrs. Smith and Jones he knew to be very hard people; they never had spared anybody in their business dealings, and they would certainly bring a criminal charge against him. The idea was horrible. He would rather die than submit to such indignity.

Pondering these things over in his mind, he had wandered heedlessly through the streets without remarking whither he was going. Fate or instinct seemed to lead him to the riverside again, and he found himself at last at St. Katharine's Dock. Exactly facing where he stood was a flaming placard, announcing the departure

that day of a boat direct for Calais at a very low rate of passage. The thought darted into his mind, Why not cut his difficulties at once, and put the sea between himself and the scene of his disgrace?

It was a cowardly temptation which, if his intellect had been in a clearer state, would have been instantly rejected with scorn; but the poisonous drug which he had imbibed seemed to have paralysed his energy, and to have utterly unmanned him and deprived him of the courage necessary to face his trouble. He yielded to the temptation, and made his way through to Paris, where, under an assumed name, he succeeded in getting work, for he was very expert at his business.

Nothing could exceed the delight of the worthy commissionaire at having been the means of clearing up the mystery, except, indeed, his pride in retelling the oft-told tale. Nor was his honesty unrewarded in a more substantial manner, for Messrs. Smith and Jones presented him with a hundred pounds as a recognition of his integrity and intelligence.

DOUBLEDAY'S CHILDREN.

BY DUTTON COOK,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE," "HOBSON'S CHOICE," &c. &c.

BOOK V. THE FURTHER NARRATIVE OF BASIL DOUBLEDAY.

CHAPTER IX. REVOLUTION.

HE still lived; but, apparently, he was desperately wounded, and had fainted from loss of blood. With some difficulty we carried him into a café close by, the door of which chanced to be open, in the Rue Neuve de Luxembourg, and placed him upon one of the marble tables.

"His heart still beats," said Guichardet. And he went out to obtain medical aid.

"He must have been handsome, once," said a waiter, steeping his napkin in water and bathing the forehead of the wounded man.

Poor Paul! He was terribly changed; so gaunt and worn, wasted and pallid, with a fortnight's beard bristling on his chin. His clothes were in rags, splashed and plastered with blood and mire; the hands, once so white and effeminate-looking, were now torn and soiled and bleeding; the handsome face was sunken and livid; there were patches of gray discernible among the dark curls, now covered with dust and thickly matted together; privation and

suffering had brought age upon him with the suddenness of a blow.

His wounds were washed and bandaged; his lips were moistened with cognac; he sighed deeply, then opened wide his large gray eyes; they roved listlessly hither and thither, then rested upon me. But there was no speculation in them; only a sort of insane fire. He did not recognise me.

"Tell me the watchword and the time and place," he muttered. "Death to the tyrant! Does the king go to the opera to-night? Strike and spare not. Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, Alibaud, Meunier, and the rest. Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. Vive la République!" Then with a change of voice, he added: "Nous sommes trahis! Vengeons nos frères!"

"Is he dead?" demanded several blousiers, hurriedly entering, pushing past the waiter who tried to keep them back. They were armed with pikes and drawn sabres; one bore a lighted torch, which filled the room with sulphurous smoke.

At the door stood a tumbrel filled with corpses. A ghastly procession had been organised. The victims of the fusillade of the Boulevard des Capucins were to be carried round Paris, to awaken the people to a sense of their wrongs, to kindle their fury, to rouse them to desperate acts of chastisement and vengeance.

Tumbrel follows tumbrel. Thousands of torches illumine the horrible scene. Close ranks of armed men escort the corpses on their dreadful mission. Muskets, pikes, and sabres are brandished in the air; fierce songs are chanted, hoarse cries are uttered, demanding retribution, blood for blood, and the Republic! From time to time a corpse is held aloft, its limbs helplessly pendulous—here a dead woman, and there a dead child; the gaping wounds are exposed, with the blood still oozing and dripping—innocent blood, proclaim the crowd, shed in maintenance of an odious tyranny! The hideous pageant winds round Paris like a snake—spreading poison where it passes. The people shudder at its approach, then stand and gaze, fascinated by its horrors, then fly to arms and follow in its wake. The tocsin still clangs and clashes from a hundred steeples; the clatter of musketry is heard again and again through the long dark hours of night. Even the king is startled as he muses in the Tuileries how he can best appease the people by yet another shuffling of the political cards, or suppress the émeute—for, to his thinking, it is not

yet a revolution—by prompt and energetic employment of his sixty thousand soldiers, the army of Paris. But a cordon of barricades has been drawn round the palace. The king is surrounded by his troops—thickly clustered in the Place du Carrousel, the courtyard of the Tuileries, the Place du Palais Royal, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées—but the king and his forces are, in their turn, circled and hemmed in by an infuriated nation in arms.

On the morrow the French monarchy falls.

Ministry after ministry has crumbled to dust in the king's hands. The people fire and sack the Palais Royal. The king abdicates. "I am unwilling that any more blood should flow for my sake." He had never spoken more royal words. But, already, his army is failing him; lacking firm control and sturdy words of command, effete from inactivity, it falls to pieces. Soon, the cavalry are seen to be surrendering their sabres to the people; the infantry are yielding their muskets. It is proposed that the Duchess of Orleans shall be Regent of France. The people invade the Chamber. The duchess escapes with her children—the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. The Tuileries is attacked by the people, who enter the palace by one door, as the king and his family steal out at another.

It was an unpicturesque and even ignominious conclusion to an important chapter of history. The king and his family—on whose account he has made so many sacrifices, stooped so very low—are closely packed in two broughams and a two-wheeled cab. Constructed to hold six persons, these little carriages are now compelled to carry some fifteen. Personages of great importance are, for once, jammed tightly together, like figs in a drum, or sardines in a box. So they escape from Paris, the people burning the throne behind them. Presently they are making their way to England. The queen has assumed the name of Madame Lebrun; the king, affecting to be an Englishman, calls himself Mr. William Smith. He muffles himself in a thick great-coat, he disguises himself with spectacles, he has relieved his bald cranium of the famous curled wig that so long has covered it. He has lost his old resemblance to a pear. There is an end of all jocosity in that regard. The pear has been gathered!

A Provisional Government, with much

very troublesome work before it, has been instituted at the Hôtel de Ville. The Tuileries has been converted into an hospital for the reception of the martyrs or the victims of the Revolution of February.

The pallets of the wounded and the dying are ranged against the walls of the central pavilion, the grand ball-room of the palace. Every trace of royal occupation has been ruthlessly swept away. The pictures have been cut from their frames, or perforated again and again with bullets; the furniture has been hacked to pieces; mirrors have been smashed with the butt-ends of guns; the gilded panels have been pierced and splintered and prized by the thrusts of pikes and iron railings; magnificent china vases have been hurled at sheets of looking-glass, so that the labour of destruction might be economised and quickened; statues of marble or alabaster, clocks, chandeliers, lustres, porcelain treasures of all kinds, have been flung from the windows, that they might be assuredly shivered to pieces upon the pavement of the courtyard below. The throne has been torn from its place, slashed with knives, defiled with mud and filth, carried in ironic procession round the city, and finally burnt at the foot of the Column of July, an exulting mob dancing round the fire, singing ribald songs and gesticulating with savage glee. The Revolution has duly celebrated its saturnalia.

Paul Riel had been recognised as a leading member of the republican brotherhood, long in conspiracy against the Government, and had been carefully removed to the Tuileries, borne upon the shoulders of his friends and attended by an escort of the National Guard under the command of M. Alexis, who now seemed popularly known as Colonel La Grange.

Paul lay upon his pallet like one dead; he was so white and still. He had been carefully tended. The most skilful surgeons in Paris had placed themselves at the disposal of Government, and daily visited the wounded in the hospital of the Tuileries. But his state was judged to be almost hopeless.

At the head of his pallet, her arm circling the pillow upon which his head rested, a woman crouched or nestled. Her hair, escaped from its combs, had fallen forward, and half hid her face; her eyes were weak and red from watching, and anxiety, and want of rest. No tears had come to the relief of her acute distress.

She was known to be an Englishwoman, and she had become an object of interest and sympathy to many. Rude, bearded men, stained with labour and with conflict, saluted her as they passed by. The saloon had become overcrowded, and it had been proposed to remove all but those whose state really demanded surgical aid. This was the advice of Dr. Sanson, a student of the Polytechnic School, charged with the care of the wounded. It had been his duty also to deal with the dead, stretched under the sheltering walls of the larger buildings or huddled in the lower stories or in courtyard corners. The poor wretches had crept to secluded spots to die.

"She must be suffered to remain," said a tall man in a black frock-coat buttoned to the chin. His manner was most dignified, with yet a suspicion of self-consciousness marring it somewhat. His fine-featured face wore an ascetic look; there were lines of thought or of care scoring the lofty forehead and surrounding the lips. His hair was tinged with gray. "She is his wife; her place is by his pallet. To remove her would be to wrong at once the living and the dying."

The speaker was Lamartine—the idol of the people for a season. He had been daring enough to mount the whirlwind, and capable enough to direct the storm of revolution. His triumph had been supreme; it did not, it could not endure. Rhetoric is but of indifferent force considered as an engine of government.

He was visiting the hospitals to encourage and comfort the sick and wounded. He was the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the new Government, and in the height of his popularity. Men pressed round him as though to derive benefit and virtue from touching the hem of his garment. He might well forget how infirm was the pedestal upon which he stood raised above his fellows.

"Poor woman!" he said.

He whispered an enquiry into the ear of Dr. Sanson. The reply was not hopeful apparently.

His lips tightened, his brows lowered, he bowed his head gravely, and with a look of deep pity passed on his way. Doris had been wholly unconscious of his presence. Her eyes had been fixed upon the deadly pale face of Paul Riel. But she stirred presently, and perceived me standing close beside her.

"Oh, Basil!" she said, and then repeated over and over again: "Why did I

not come sooner? If I had but known! If I had but known!"

She had started from London immediately upon receipt of my letter informing her that Paul had been discovered.

"Is there no hope, Basil? Can it be that there is no hope? I will not, I cannot believe it! These doctors may be mistaken. They are not English doctors, you know; they may really be mistaken. He slept well last night; he scarcely stirred at all. He was without pain, and no evil dreams seemed to trouble him. That is a good sign, is it not?"

"No doubt. The brain fever has abated."

"And his pulse, though it is very faint, still it is very regular. Is not that a good sign also?"

"I think so. He is very weak, of course. He had gone through so much, and his wounds were severe."

"My poor husband! I wish I were a doctor, Basil. I think if I were a doctor I could cure him. Why don't they teach girls medicine, and how to tend the wounded? We really learn nothing that is useful. His hands do not burn nearly so much, do they, Basil? I'm sure that must be another good sign. Basil, do you really think there is hope? Only say that you think so."

"Indeed I try and think so, Doris."

Poor child, she was ravenous for even the poorest crumbs of comfort.

"It is terrible, Basil. When he wakes he does not know me. I tell him that I am here—Doris, his wife, who loves him so; but his eyes rest on me for a moment only, and then turn away; he does not speak to me—he does not even press my hand; I am nothing to him. Will it be always so, do you think? Will his memory be always a blank? He is not mad, you know; for he is calm, and he understands when the doctor comes round and speaks to him. But when he seems to look at me without thought of me in his eyes, it is very hard to bear, Basil—it wounds me to the heart. It is as though his mind were turned to stone. And yet last night he was talking in his sleep. I listened, for I thought he might be suffering; but no, there was a smile upon his lips, and it was my name he was murmuring—not once only, but again and again, 'Doris, Doris,' quite plainly, yet so sweetly and softly; it was just like the happy past come back again, and as though this dreadful present had never come to us. He sees me in his dreams, yet when he wakes he does not know me. Still it is

something that I am with him in his dreams. He is better, he is certainly better. Is it not so, Monsieur le Docteur?"

Dr. Sanson, a young man, with a pale, impassive, steadfast face of classical form, that looked like an ivory carving, paused for a moment beside the pallet; stooped down and placed a finger on Paul's wrist. Anxiously Doris searched the doctor's face; but it remained unchanged in expression.

The doctor's touch had been light enough, but it disturbed the sleeper. Paul shivered, sighed, then tried to turn upon his bed.

"He is better?" asked Doris.

"He has rested."

"Is it time?" Paul demanded dreamily.

"Where is the king to-night?"

"There is no king now in France," said the doctor.

"He is dead?"

"He has abdicated. He has fled the country. The Republic has been proclaimed."

"Vive la République!" He tried to rise. He pressed his hand over his eyes and forehead. "Where am I?"

"In the Palace of the Tuileries." Paul seemed to muse over this reply for some minutes.

"The Palace of the Tuileries," he repeated. Then he added in an abstracted way: "Strange that the exile of Soho should be lying here in the Tuileries. Has the late occupant of the Tuileries gone to live in Soho?"

"History repeats itself," said the doctor, sententiously. "Time brings about strange events. The king has returned to exile. It has been with Louis Philippe as with Charles Dix. When the king departs the exiles come home again."

"In the Palace of the Tuileries!"

"Have no fear. You are among friends," I repeat; "the Republic has been proclaimed."

"Friends?" Paul's eyes rested upon the hand of Doris, twined round his own; then his glance travelled upward. He was looking into her face at last, knowing it to be the face of his wife.

He trembled convulsively. It was as though his mind had by a violent effort regained its legitimate dominion. He stretched out eager, trembling hands; his face seemed to quiver with emotion; his lips moved—but for a moment he uttered no articulate sound.

"Doris!" he screamed at length, and in a moment he was straining her to his

heart, clasping her with fond, agitated arms; kissing her passionately, hiding his tearful face in her bosom.

The doctor went on his way. He returned some hours later, to find Doris still close beside her husband's pallet, their hands tightly locked together. They were silent; it was as though they were too happy to speak. Words might disturb the harmony of their love.

Paul was first to observe the presence of the doctor.

"I am dying," he said calmly. "I feel it—I know it."

"Heaven will decide," said the doctor.

"Paul—my own—my husband! live—live for me, and for our child!" Doris whispered.

Paul trembled; he drew her still nearer to him; but he still addressed himself to the doctor.

"This English lady is my wife, according to the law of England; I wish her to become my wife according to the law of France."

The doctor bowed his head.

"I am a peer of France," said Paul.

"I am the Marquis de Rouvray."

"Nobility has been abolished in France; titles have been declared illegal—they are inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution—with the safety of the Republic."

"The Republic cannot suppress the past, nor ignore truths, nor abolish facts. I am, I repeat, the Marquis de Rouvray. I do not regard the title. I have given proofs of my disregard. I have never before thus avowed my rank. I am true to the republican opinions of my father and my grandfather; all the same, I am a De Rouvray, and something is due to the sentiments of others. Titles are valued in England." A certain bitter smile crossed his face as he said this. "Well, I bequeath my title to my son—if it is God's good pleasure that a son is to be born to come after me, and bear my name, yet never to look upon his father, or to know what a father's love is like."

"Paul, dearest!" cried Doris, in a voice of agony.

"Hush, Doris! let me speak while I may—while my mind is calm—my brain cool. Time grows short with me."

CHAPTER X. MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS.

"In what can I serve you?" asked Dr. Sanson.

"I desire to be reunited to this lady, my English wife, in accordance with the pro-

visions of the Code and the ordinances of the church. I think the authorities will not refuse the request of a dying man."

"They will not refuse. I presume to answer for them."

"Forgive me, Doris, that I have brought so much unhappiness upon your life. If you had never seen me!"

"Ah, Paul, if I had never seen you I should not know what it is to love—what it is to be happy."

Certain preliminary forms having been complied with, the mayor of the district, by indulgence of the Government, attended in the central pavilion of the Tuileries and duly conducted the civil ceremony of the marriage of Paul and Doris.

Surrounded by officials, the mayor sat in state beside the pallet of the wounded man, and in accordance with prescription, read aloud in an emphatic manner the admonitions or cardinal maxims of the Code Civil. First: The married owe to each other fidelity, comfort, assistance. Secondly: The husband owes protection to his wife, the wife obedience to her husband; and so on. Finally he pronounced: "In the name of the law, I declare that Paul, Marquis de Rouvray, and Mademoiselle Doris Doubleday are united by marriage."

A little later, and Paul was carried to the state chapel of the Tuileries, the religious ceremony of the marriage being solemnised by the Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of many witnesses. These included certain members of the Provisional Government, and groups of armed men, soldiers of the Revolution, who had fought upon the barricades, Republicans who had long struggled and plotted against the monarchy.

Paul's strength was failing fast. He winced and moaned when lifted from his pallet, the pain of his wounds was so acute, though he tried hard on Doris's account to restrain these confessions of suffering. Yet his voice did not lack decision when he took part in the ceremonies of his marriage. His signature in the register was bold and firm.

"You are now my wife, indeed, Doris," he said, as he leant back exhausted in her arms; "my wife by both French and English law and the rules of the church. But it is certain that you were truly my wife before, in my eyes, and in the sight of Heaven. It was right, however, that these forms should be observed, Doris, because of the world, for your sake, and for our child's that is to be."

"If a son be born of our marriage, let him be called Paul," he said, after an interval. "And when he is old enough to understand, tell him that his father, had life been permitted him, would have loved his child very dearly. He will love you, his mother, Doris, for how indeed could he do otherwise? If it be possible, I should wish him to love also his dead father. Teach him to respect my memory. Tell him, at least, that I died like a brave man, that I was faithful unto death to the cause of liberty and of France."

"My sense of duty has been mistaken, perhaps," he resumed presently; "I may have accepted too heedlessly the political sentiments and opinions handed down to me from the past—undertaken too impulsively labours beyond my strength to accomplish, and of a nature offensive to my humanity. Heaven will judge me mercifully. I clung to what seemed to me to be the right. If I have erred, I am paying the penalty with my life."

His voice grew weaker.

"Is it retribution?" he asked. "I returned to France to attempt the king's life; my death in his palace is the work of his soldiery. May we not cry quits? But I die leaving France a Republic."

"Basil, my brother—" but he could not continue. I understood, however, that he commended Doris to my care. He was too exhausted for further speech just then. He closed his eyes, and seemed to sleep for a while very tranquilly. He was so white and still, with his thin hands outstretched before him on the coverlet, that he looked already like one dead. But he stirred again; his eyes sought out Doris.

"Pray for me, my darling," he said in a whisper. "Hold my hand in yours. Let me know, let me feel that you are close beside me to the last. God bless you, my own wife. The end is not far off. Kiss me, dearest. Let my head rest on your bosom. Kiss me again when I am dead."

How beautiful looked the waxen face! It seemed as though the finger of death had smoothed away many of the lines and dints of care and suffering, and brought youth back to fill the place premature age had usurped. How refined and finished was the symmetrical Greek profile, the low broad brow, with its overarching, clustering curls, the sharply-shaped lips and nostrils, the firm round chin. The winter sun shone out for a little while: rays of dull gold falling upon the dead face

seemed as the saintly aureola of a missal picture.

Poor Doris!

A tender hand proffered her flowers culled from the conservatories of the palace to deck the bed of death. The hand was Lamartine's.

"No, though all be over," said Lamartine, "let her linger yet a little while. She loved him, and she loves him still. Her heart is with the dead, and the dead is with God. It were sacrilege to draw her back to earth just now."

The trees of liberty, planted in 1848, did not yield much fruit; indeed, they were scarcely allowed to take root in the earth at all. For speedily the days of February were followed by the days of June; and surely the terrible days of June, 1848, prepared the way for the days of December, 1851, for the coup d'état, and the violent re-establishment of the empire. Unfortunately, in France, liberty has a tendency towards disorder; while order inclines to tyranny. As a result, a saviour of society appears in time to shoot down French citizens in the streets, and to restore tranquillity by means of cannon-balls and bayonets. Peace, in France, is apt to bear a sword instead of an olive-branch; oftentimes her sandals and the hem of her white robes are splashed with blood.

To the days of February, England owed its 10th of April, 1848.

The fall of the French monarchy produced a general rocking of the Continent under the feet of its kings. Democracy indulged in much day-dreaming. The cause of the people seemed on the point of supreme triumph, everywhere. The wronged of France, Italy, and Germany were obtaining their rights, or striving hard to obtain them, from the hands of tyranny; were the working-classes of England to remain the while abject, mute, and passive? The example of France seemed to them worthy to be followed as promptly as might be. They were, indeed, not a little envious that France had been first to rise against its oppressors. A feeling prevailed that England should have led the way in that, as in other matters.

The joy of Mr. Grisdale and his readers, at the news from France, was very great.

"Of all the revolutions I have seen," said Mr. Grisdale, "I like this last the best. It has done the most, and cost the least."

To my thinking, however, the cost had been very considerable.

"In 1830, they did but drive away one king to bring in another," Mr. Grisdale continued; "they replaced a bigot by a charlatan. It was hardly worth doing. But now they have by far the best of the exchange; for in lieu of a king they possess a republic."

For my part, my recent experiences did not commend revolution to me. I thought with horror of certain of the scenes I had passed through. Was London to be as Paris had been? It was a terrible price to pay, even for the emancipation of a people. There still sounded in my ears the eternal rolling of the drums, the rattling of musketry, the hoarse songs and cries of the populace, the moaning and screaming of the wounded and the dying. I looked down and seemed to see the pavement slippery with blood, dreadful groups of bodies, flung together at random, strangely distorted—Death had petrified them as they writhed in their last agony—cruel havoc and rapine; the wicked work of fire and sword, degradation and destruction on all sides. I saw too, over and over again—it was a long time present to me with curious vividness—the spectacle of Paul's death in the Tuileries, and the despair of Doris as she rained tears and kisses upon the dead face of her husband.

"You are a young hand, you see, Basil," said Mr. Grisdale, to whom I had disclosed something of my sentiments concerning revolution; "and I think you have never been wholly with us. You are, perhaps, over-inclined to sympathy and sensitiveness, and I can well understand that what you have lately gone through in Paris has deeply affected you. The rising of a people in its wrath must cost something. Tyranny rarely goes down without a struggle. And—and it's too late now to object. The effort is really to be made."

His faith in the "ulterior measures," in the advantages of resort to physical force, was not, I think, so complete as it had been.

"I grow old," he said, with rather an air of apology, "and perhaps I begin to feel myself unfitted for scenes of violence. Much as I have advocated reform, and even revolution, I could almost be content now to let things go on as they have been going. But the word has been passed. I could not interpose timid counsels. I've spoken very boldly in my time, and I consider myself bound by my speeches. If I've stirred the popular anger, it's be-

cause I've been angry myself. If the people rise, I rise with them. The feeling is very strong against the Government. We've some unwise brethren amongst us, I grant you, but this hardly seems the right moment for exposing their unwisdom. Ireland is already in revolt. Read this in *The United Irishman*. Can you read it without a certain tingling of enthusiasm coming over you? 'Let the man amongst you who has no gun, sell his garment and buy one. Every street may be an excellent shooting-gallery for disciplined troops; but it is a better defile in which to entrap them. Chimney-pots, brickbats, logs of wood, mantelpieces, furniture, fireirons, &c., thrown vertically on the heads of a column below, from the elevation of a parapet or top story, are irresistible.' I confess I like less what follows, about such missiles as broken glass for maiming horses' feet, with such additions as boiling water or grease, cold vitriol and molten lead. But one thing's clear, Ireland is in earnest. We must be stirring, Basil. It's now or never. The time has come for action."

"Are you sure the country is with you?"

"There will be a rising in every town. The agricultural labourers will join us afterwards. The country is always rather behind the cities."

"Have you any plan of action?"

"We shall remain under arms until the Charter becomes the law of the land. If we are attacked we shall defend ourselves, and attack in our turn. I cannot tell you more at present. The art of street-fighting is better understood than it was, and Paris has set us a good example."

"But if the French king had employed his artillery?"

"We must do the best we can," said Mr. Grisdale, shrugging his shoulders. "I am prepared to meet artillery, if need be. Our numbers will be enormous; we shall come down upon the troops an overwhelming avalanche. And there may be disaffection in the army. Who knows? In these cases something must be left to chance. It will be like a great fire; it will spread far and wide; and now this building will catch, and now that, until flames will burst out in the most unexpected places. But why do you suggest these difficulties, Basil? You are not bound as I am. You have not been the spokesman, the representative of this cause for long, long years as I have. You can, if you will, withdraw from us without

shame. I cannot. I must go on to the end, be the end what it may. I could not hold back now if I would—and I would not if I could."

"I stand by you, old friend," I said. "Where you go I will go also. If there is to be danger we'll share it."

I read in Catalina's eyes approval of my decision. Perhaps desire to win her approval prompted my decision.

"Be it so, Basil," said Mr. Grisdale, with a curious look of irresolution upon his face. "It is not for me to counsel you. But I love you as though you were my own son; and I shall grieve indeed if trouble comes of your friendship for me. For I feel that you are rather true to me than to the cause. However, let's hope for the best. Who knows? In a few more hours the victory may be ours; the Charter won; or even a provisional government, with a view to a republic, established in England."

"Can you count upon your leaders?"

"Well, to tell the truth, we're rather short of leaders. 'The Thanes fly from us,' as Macbeth says. Pierce Plumer—but I never counted upon him—is on the Continent, they say; others are keeping in the background, to come forth if they perceive a real opening, not unless. They want the chestnuts out of the fire just as badly as we do, but they'd rather use our paws than their own. They'll claim the victory when we've won it; but they'll leave us to pay the penalty of defeat. Feargus remains staunch, however. They tell me he's stark mad; but he's a gentleman—an Irish gentleman—all the same."

Catalina whispered in my ear, "Will there really be danger?"

"I fear so." Her face was very pale.

"Help him if you can—promise me that."

"I promise. I shall not quit his side, whatever happens." She wrung my hand; but she spoke no word of regard for my safety.

It is certain that London had not been so completely scared, since the Pretender's army occupied Derby, and threatened to march southward.

The Court retreated to the country. The greatest captain of the age undertook the military defence of the capital. The public buildings and government offices were fortified to withstand a siege. More

than four thousand troops were assembled in the neighbourhood of Kennington, where the outbreak was appointed to commence; regiments of soldiers occupied other parts of London, and took possession of the river steamers, so as to move rapidly wherever the enemy might threaten attack. The superintendents of police met in conclave in Scotland-yard to determine their plan of action. The rising was to be repressed by strong measures.

A quarter of a million of special constables were enrolled. Business was suspended. The shopkeepers, sighing over the too probable fate of their plate-glass, closed their shutters. Their alarm and gloom were extreme. Still they tried to put faith in the Duke of Wellington. He was an old man, however; he had not drawn his sword for thirty years. It was doubted whether he would prove himself quite equal to the occasion.

By chance I encountered Nick.

"I hope you've quite done with this Chartist wickedness, Basil."

I informed him that my opinions had not altered; that I purposed taking part in the demonstration.

"Well, now, look here," he said severely, "I'm a special constable. I don't quite know what the law is, but I've a great mind to take you into custody on spec. You know you've no right to be a Chartist. The thing can't be allowed; you must be put down. Do you see this?"

He produced a policeman's truncheon from his coat-tail pocket.

"Now mind: if I chance to come across you in the course of to-morrow, and it becomes my duty to knock you over the head with this, I warn you that I'll do it without flinching; and it won't be my fault, I shall only be obeying orders. I shan't consider you as a brother then; I shall only look upon you as one of those confounded Chartists, and down you'll go! So I warn you, Basil. Good-bye."

Next Week will be published the Opening Chapter of

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED,

"IS HE POPENJOY?"

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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